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# LIFE

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Half a Century

## Colored Wash Goods for Spring and Summer At "The Linen Store"

Our collection includes all of the seasonable fabrics, both staples and novelties, in Cotton, Linen, and Silk and Cotton Mixtures, suitable for Ladies' and Children's dresses and frocks for both morning and evening wear. We quote for some of the most popular lines below:

**French Voiles**, striped and checked, 42 in. wide, 60c., 85c., \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75 yard.

**French Batiste**, Silk and Cotton, in stripes and checks, 42 in. wide, \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00 yard.

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**Printed Linen Lawns**, 24 in. wide, 40c. yard. **Printed Irish Dimities**, 27 in. wide, 25c. and 30c. yard,

**Plain Colored French Piques**, 32 in. wide, 85c. yard. **Fine Austrian Galatea** (Fast Color), 27 in. wide, 50c. yard.

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**D. & J. Anderson's Celebrated Scotch Ginghams**, 32 in. wide, 45c. and 50c. yard.

**Printed French Percales** (Fast Color), 32 in. wide, 30c. yard.

**Checked and Striped Handkerchief Linens**, 31 in. wide, \$1.35 yard.

We also display a very choice collection of plain White Wash Materials, including Batiste, Imported French Linens, French Piques, Persian, India and Victoria Lawns, Nainsooks, Dimities, etc., etc.

**Samples:** Our Mail Order Department for these goods is especially well equipped, and we are pleased at all times to mail samples of any of the above lines on request.

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Has made us in every sense of the word

Automobile Manufacturers to the American People.

Maxwell cars, designed by J. J. Maxwell, the foremost American automobile designer, have done more to popularize automobiling in this country, more to bring the pleasure and utility of the motor car within the possibilities of the average American's bank-roll, than any other car.

Watch for the cars that have a bar across their radiators—they all are Maxwells.

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To be unfamiliar with the Maxwell means not to know the one car in which engineering conservatism and whole-some progress are most successfully combined. Get the Maxwell Habit. Once acquired, it sticks.

Let me send you the new Maxwell catalog, which is one of the few catalogs that really tell things. Let me give you the name of the Maxwell representative in your locality. He will be glad to give you a demonstration or refer you to Maxwell owners.

*Benj. Briscoe*

President  
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C. & K.

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**KNAPP-FELT**  
hats are for  
the discrimi-  
nating—those  
for whom the best  
is none too good.  
The superiority  
of artistic handwork is  
clearly apparent.



KNAPP-FELT De Luxe hats  
are Six Dollars—Knapp-Felts  
are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for "The Hatman"

**THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.**  
BROADWAY AT THIRTEENTH ST., NEW YORK

### A Favorite Retreat

WHEN Secretary Cortelyou left the Department of Commerce and Labor to assume direction of the Post Office Department he took with him a very dignified and gentlemanly old darky messenger.

A day or so after Mr. Cortelyou's assumption of his new dignities, the old messenger was dozing in his chair just outside the ante-room of the Postmaster-General when another messenger approached him, saying:

"There's a gentleman in the room across the hall who wants to see Mr. Cortelyou."

"He can't see him," was the firm reply.

"But he says he *must* see him," persisted the second messenger.

"I don't know nothin' about dat," returned the old chap, "but I do know dat nobody kin see Mr. Cortelyou. He's jest gone to his sanctum sanitarium."—*Lippincott's Monthly*.

### Children of the Army

THE conditions confronting officers and men who have children to educate are simply pitiful. Many an officer is at this moment in debt and paying interest on borrowed money so that he may send his son or his daughter to a good school, or keep them in some city where their education will be continuous and uninterrupted. No matter of domestic economy touches officers more deeply than this of the children's education.

It is true that the public schools of a city, if the post be near a city, are generous in taking boys and girls in, and some do so for a tuition fee, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that an army officer cannot demand local school service as a right, because of his profession and his residence on a military reservation. Even when near a city, the post is outside of it, and the children spend from two to four hours daily traveling behind army mules to and from the schoolhouse.

The so-called "post schools," now established, and to which children are sometimes sent through absolute necessity because of isolation, are a farce, for the officer having the high sounding title of "Superintendent of Post Schools" is generally so fully occupied with other engaging military duties that he can give little or no attention to the school development and system, while the man who is teacher has usually never acted in that capacity before.—*Army and Navy Life*.

### Professional Ethics

"YOU'LL have to send for another doctor," said the one who had been called, after a glance at the patient.

"Am I so sick as that?" gasped the sufferer.

"I don't know just how sick you are," replied the man of medicine, "but I know you're the lawyer who cross-examined me when I appeared as an expert witness. My conscience won't let me kill you, and I'll be hanged if I want to cure you. Good-day."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

### Maxims of Alexandre Dumas, Fils

THE heart is made of the material which breaks the easiest and is soonest mended.

Leave three men together after dinner, you may be sure that conversation will turn upon women, and that it will be the oldest man who will begin.—*Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Lisez-Moi*.

### Life's "Birthday" Number

THE Anniversary Number of LIFE, which contains the story "How LIFE Began," specimen pages from the first number of LIFE, and a drawing by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson made especially for this number, will be on sale at this office at 10c. per copy until April 1. After that time, it will be 25c.



After a vehicle tire has persistently made good for over twelve years, it isn't necessary to do more than remind you of the name—

# Kelly-Springfield

Made at Akron, Ohio. Sold by carriage manufacturers everywhere.

"Rubber Tired" is a book about them. Sent free on request.

CONSOLIDATED RUBBER TIRE CO. New York Office, 20 Vesey St.



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The special tours of The New York & Porto Rico Steamship Co. occupy three weeks, and are ideal yachting excursions on summer seas. The steamers have every convenience, with only outside staterooms. They circle the entire island and stop at many interesting and historic localities. The ship is the tourist's hotel during the entire trip, so that the labor and inconvenience of land travel is avoided.

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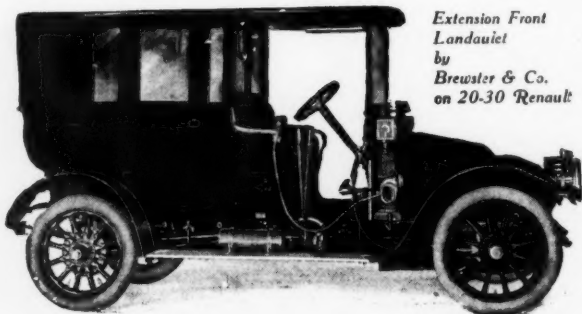
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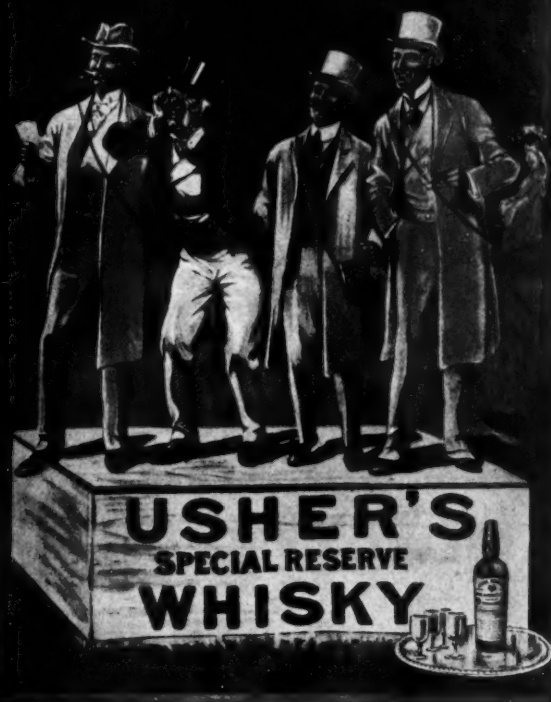
We have on our floors bodies of all styles ready for mounting, and also imported cars of the best makes, complete with bodies of our design and make. We also design and produce bodies to suit individual ideas and requirements. Correspondence is invited.

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Broadway and 47th Street

New York

"They're all on the Favourite"



Over Two Million  
Sold in America in the  
last three years.

I could talk to you a month about the good qualities of my razor, but what I want is to get you to **try it just once** and then you will know it as I know it, and would not part with it for any price.

## I Want You to Know My Razor as I Know It.

Whether you rely upon the old-fashioned razor or whether you depend upon the barber for your daily shave, there's still a better, quicker, more economical and sanitary way—the "Gillette" way—and my razor will convince you of this fact.

It is the better way because of the great convenience it affords—a slight turn of the handle enables you to have as close or as light a shave as you may wish—removing any beard without the least discomfort or irritation of the skin.



It is the quicker way because the thin, flexible, double-edged blades require **No Stropping**.

**No Honing.** They are made of specially selected and tested steel. They are so inexpensive that when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen.

It takes but from three to five minutes' time with the Gillette to obtain the most delightful shave you ever had in your life.

It is the economical way because you may shave yourself at home, saving time, money and the endless inconvenience and annoyance of being dependent upon the barber. Saves its cost inside of a few weeks.

The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 13 double-edged blades (24 keen edges) packed in a velvet-lined leather case, and the price is \$2.00 at all the leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers.

Combination Sets from \$6.50 to \$50.00

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" to-day. If substitutes are offered refuse them, and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

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# LIFE



IF WASHINGTON CROSSED THE DELAWARE TO-DAY

## The Household



**W**HAT is a household?

A household is a place where babies and dust are raised, bills are contracted, coal is burned, food is eaten and occasionally auctions are held.

As a rule, a household consists of two heads and one foot. One head is the cook, the other the man's wife.

Every day every household is visited by all the Trusts.

At regular intervals it is visited by sickness, health, taxes and clergymen.

Nothing happens that the household doesn't get its share of.

It's a partner in epidemics, panics, elections, wars, tidal waves. An earthquake on the Pacific coast will be reflected in every household in New York.

The stock market quotations are written on the walls and ceiling and floors of every household.

Nothing succeeds (or fails) like a household.

## A Nasty Thought

**M**ORE and more of the American population is being riveted every day to the conviction that an attainable amount of money will not provide the indispensables of subsistence. The riveting is being done by daily and hourly strokes of demonstration that money is harder come by than it was, and that the indispensables have not accommodated themselves to its reluctance.

**H**E KEEPS his friends who refuses to amend them.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LI. FEBRUARY 20, 1908 No. 1321

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



WE HAVE been very much comforted by the President's last message. We read comments on it for several days before tackling the message itself. And many of them were so obnoxious that we hesitated to read it, fearing it would bite, and dreading to be saddened by it. But it was not saddening. It was not so angry as some papers made out, but merely earnest. It was not really a message to Congress at all, but a preachment to all the people to say that the wealthy malefactors would get 'em if they didn't watch out. Chancellor Day has said that parts of the message read to him like the ravings of a disordered mind, and the *Sun* suggested that it read like the contents of a hypothetical question addressed to experts. Day and Laffan will never get employment as alienists. The President put forth the same views he has often disclosed heretofore—put them forth with energy, but that was all. You may not agree entirely with the views, but there is nothing crazy about them, nor in the way in which they were put. They were well put.

To us they were a considerable comfort, so honest, fatherly and protective; full of sympathy and solace for the past and hope for the future. We understand now that nothing untoward that has happened to us in the past has been our fault, or, at least, not so much our fault as we supposed. We used to think that when we were short of money it was largely because we had been lazy, extravagant or improvident. We know now that it was because some "wealthy man

whose conduct should be abhorrent to every man of ordinary decent conscience" waylaid and appropriated, unbeknownst to us, wealth that was coming to us and would have relieved our necessities if we had been on hand when it arrived. We used to think that when we bought more stocks than we could properly domesticate, and the bears bit off the legs of the market, and we had to sell at loss, we got just about what was due us for being such greedy ninnies as to want to get too rich too soon without working. Now we know it was really no fault of ours, but all due to the neglect of the Federal Government in not having taken measures "to prevent at least the grosser forms of gambling in securities and commodities," and especially in not having at least forbidden us "the use of the mails, telegraph and telephone wires for mere gambling in stocks." We used to think that the reason we lived so long in Brooklyn was that we just merely couldn't afford to live in New York, but since reading the message it has been borne in upon us that the real reason was that "the criminal rich" and "great law-defying corporations of immense wealth" and "very wealthy men of enormous power" sandbagged the messenger of fortune as he was coming our way, and took what he had with him. There is no denying there is comfort and increased self-esteem in these thoughts, and we thank the good President for making them rise up in us.



ALL the same, and grateful as we are, and earnestly with the President in his desire to keep all the malefactors on the dead run, we did mistrust a little as we read the message that he was a little overhopeful about the material profits that we would divide after making the "very wealthy criminals" give up. Deprecating any disposition to place us among "the apologists of successful dishonesty," we confess that, accurately as our hearts beat in tune with the President's in his noble purpose to make righteousness abound and get all the "lawbreaking men of wealth" in the jug, so to speak, we are a grain less sanguine

than he of the ability of employees of the Government to run all business to our profit and satisfaction after all the malefactors have been choked off and let go. The President seems sure, for instance, that with enough power to supervise and regulate the railroads and trusts, the Federal Government can make them do about as they should, and suit all citizens who deserve to be suited. Doubtless, it is a pusillanimous timidity that makes us recall that this whole matter of railroad regulation and rate-making by Government commission and legislation is still in an experimental stage, and to wonder whether Judge Harmon knew what he was talking about when he said on February 1, at the Ohio dinner:

I have been able to observe closely, and my firm belief is that, while regulation may be beneficial, the management and operation of railroads must be either private or public. An attempt to mix the two will result in harm to both the public and the railroads, or lead to Government ownership or both, and I do not think the public wish either.

Mr. President Hadley, of Yale, knows quite a lot about railroads, and he, too, is pessimistic about the possibility of combining Government rate-making and operation with private ownership.



THE President not only means right, but is right, in the majority of his purposes and efforts. Not only his aims are righteous, but we have faith to believe that his stubborn spirit of aggressive hostility to injustice and crooked dealings will in the end be of great value to so much of the country as, under Providence, he may leave standing. President Eliot was right in saying at the Harvard dinner:

While we may possibly, some of us, differ with President Roosevelt now as to his policies, his example fifty years from to-day will be an inspiration to the people of that day.

So it will, but while, as aforesaid, we are grateful to him for many comforting thoughts, it seems to us entirely possible that his spirit and example may turn out in the end to be more profitable to the country than a good many of his concrete precepts.

## Place aux Dames

IT IS curious that in England, the home of the advanced suffragettes, the land of all others in which women are presumed to take an intelligent—not to say contentious—interest in politics and public affairs, we should find so much periodical literature catering to tastes and needs which must by this time be obsolete. Notwithstanding the persuasive eloquence of ladies like Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson; notwithstanding the tribute of praise from acute and unemotional writers like Mr. Henry James, it is evident that to the editors of the big British weeklies Englishwomen remain what their great-grandmothers were—housekeepers and lovers of clothes.

The London *Graphic*, for example, urbanely heads a column, "Place aux Dames"; but does this mean that it really gives them place in matters national or international, that it solicits their opinions, and advances their views on questions of church or state? By no means. It counsels them in the sweetest way not to wear hats—after the French and American fashion—in the Savoy dining-room. It urges economy in dress. It describes Queen Victoria's curtsy. It discredits the carrying of latch-keys, which in the United States means conveniencing servants, but which in England stands for liberty and license. Boldly to entitle a column "Place aux Dames," and then to urge its readers not to open their own front doors, is a pleasantry which only an English journal can afford.

The "Ladies' Page" of the *Illustrated London News* is

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"QUOTH THE RAVEN, 'NEVERMORE!'"



"WELL, WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, HOW IS IT YOU'RE NOT AT SCHOOL?"

"'COS I'VE GOT A BAD COLD IN MY HEAD."

frankly a fashion class, and nothing more. Or, if a book be mentioned, it is the "Letters of Queen Victoria," with the remark that the Queen was an "object-lesson" in womanliness, a model of femininity. The *Sphere* has a water-tight compartment which it calls, comprehensively, "Woman's Sphere," and which is divided between food and clothes, between a royal trousseau and a Christmas pudding, between a muff of ostrich tips and a "simple dish" of "peeled aubergine, tomatoes and cheese." There is no shadow of doubt in the mind of at least one London editor as to the boundary lines of feminine territory.

Above all, *Truth—Truth*, the sternest of censors, which snorts defiance to the winds, and shouts itself hoarse over the misdeeds of Englishmen—lisps as soothingly as the *Ladies' Home Journal* when it addresses itself to Englishwomen. It prattles to them in the prettiest way about the most approved little pet dogs—"perfectly sweet dogs," with silk bows to match their cushions; and about a "graceful wedding-cake," which perhaps danced at the wedding; and about a "decorative young countess" in heliotrope velvet; and a "well-known beauty," who looked a "very Cleopatra" in a white cloth motor cloak—which could not have stayed white very long. The slow Nile had, after all, some advantages, when it came to artistic traveling clothes.

It confuses our perspective to find the English periodicals still petting and patronizing "the belligerent sex." Does their point of view hold good in spite of the gladiatorial contests before the Houses of Parliament? Is Nora in her Doll House now, or has she banged the door?  
*Agnes Repplier.*

### Something Humorous

THERE was an account in the *New York Times* recently of a student who—

was taken from his room and tied with his back to a tombstone, and left all night in the chill autumn air. He contracted a severe cold, which culminated in pneumonia, and he became a permanent invalid. Tuberculosis developed six months ago and he died.

The results of hazing are often very amusing. It is undoubtedly a good thing. It develops courage in young men. When a dozen students take one student and haze him it fills us with a certain enthusiasm. We shall have yet more respect for it when one student undertakes to haze a dozen students.



## Lured, but Not Left

*A Thrilling Tale of the Metropolitan Inquisition as It Might Have Been*

I  
**I** CANNOT marry any one who is not at least a Presidential candidate."

As she uttered these words, Geraldine Saunters inclined her head decisively at Judge Banister, the youngest and most promising of our legal lights, but, alas! only just beginning his career.

"As you will," he said, in a strongly controlled voice; "I must, of course, bow to your decision."

"But don't think," said Geraldine, sweetly, handing him her cigarette case, "that I shall not always esteem you. Your sterling qualities I thoroughly appreciate."

"Thank you," he said. Lighting a cigarette, he passed out with great dignity into the cold air.

Geraldine Saunters was one of our most brilliant and beautiful metropolitan belles. A familiar figure in the Waldorf, Sherry's, Martin's and the St. Regis, she dated her pedigree back as far as the laying of the Flatiron Building cornerstone.

### II

Judge Banister's exit, together with his dejected look, as he left the Saunters

fur-lined apartment, was carefully noted by Guy Penster, the successful young real estate dealer, who had long loved Geraldine, and whose rich, passionate nature could brook no defeat.

"Aha," he muttered. "Now is my time."

In a few moments more he was pouring out his long pent-up love.

Geraldine listened coldly.

"I am sorry, Mr. Penster," she said, "but I cannot marry you. I could not marry any man who has, as I understand you have done, bought and sold property in Flatbush."

Forcing a smile, he said:

"Very well, Geraldine, but at least we shall always be friends."

"Yes," she murmured, pleasantly, "if you wish it."

Suddenly there had come to Guy an inspiration. This girl had ruthlessly opened up his past—had cruelly thrown him over for something he supposed was not generally known. He must have revenge. "Ah," he exclaimed to himself, "I will humiliate this proud beauty."

Then, smiling, he continued:

"Will you and your mother take dinner with me this evening?"

"We shall be charmed, I am sure."

### III

Evening in the quiet, religious atmosphere of a New York restaurant. The brass band could be heard faintly at times above the sound of women's voices.

Geraldine, all unconscious of her impending danger—little dreaming of the new law which was even then going into effect—leaned back luxuriously in her gold plush chair.

"Will you have a cigarette?" said Guy, carelessly.

"Do you think you'd better, dear?" said her mother, anxiously. "You know at the prayer-meeting debate the other night the cigarette-smoking motion was lost."

"Nonsense! That was only because some of the girls were jealous. They hadn't learned to blow smoke through their noses."

Guy insidiously lifted a lighted match and held it toward her.

The fatal act was done.

In an instant the poor, unsuspecting girl

was surrounded by officers of the law, armed to the teeth.

"You are a prisoner!"

"Oh, fudge!"

Geraldine answered thus lightly, thinking it all a joke. But when she was seized and hurried off to the Black Maria, her faithful mother by her side, then only she realized her peril.

"Guy," she exclaimed. "Oh, Guy, you are my friend. Will you not save me?"

"Awfully sorry. But I cannot go bail; the only property I have is in Flatbush, you know, and they won't accept that. Good evening."

### IV

"Next case!"

Judge Banister, sitting in his court, suddenly turned pale and clenched his gavel in his hand, as he looked up and saw Geraldine, who, although she had spent the night in prison, had sent for a sailor suit and a Tam O'Shanter hat, and was, therefore, dressed appropriately. His voice trembled as he spoke. Nevertheless, his stern sense of duty kept him calm.

"What is the charge against this prisoner?"

"Smoking cigarettes."

The officer leaned forward. "Your Honor," he said, "she also exclaimed 'Fudge!' when arrested. Several witnesses will testify to this."

The Judge regarded Geraldine with Spartan courage, as he said:

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor. I"—

"You have transgressed the law by smoking a cork-tipped cigarette. You were also guilty of saying 'Fudge!'"

She turned her beautiful eyes toward him. In the whole history of our common pleas, no more dramatic scene was ever witnessed. District Attorney Jerome, in one corner, wept with envy.

"Have you no pity?" she muttered. "Oh! It cannot be."

The Judge raised his hand. "The circumstances surrounding this prisoner," he said, "are peculiarly distressing. Her extreme youth, her great beauty, her winning personality and her previous record are all in her favor. Were I to consult my own inclinations—but no!"

He turned to the prisoner. Strong men, with callous faces, wept. Many women fainted under the unusual strain. Even some of the lady reporters seemed to be affected.

"If you had not said 'Fudge!'" he



Baldy

"IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT"

continued, "it would not have been so bad. But by this overt act you have added to a great crime a flagrant contempt of court. I hereby sentence you to thirty days on the Island."

At this moment the door was thrown violently open and a messenger from the Republican National Convention approached.

"Are you Judge Banister?"

"I am."

"Then, sir—in view of the wonderful sense of duty which has made you incorruptible even to the powerful mandate of love, for we have all heard the story—I am authorized to offer you the nomination for the Presidency."

Judge Banister forgot all else. Holding out his arms to Geraldine, he cried:

"And now, will you be mine?"

"But," she whispered, putting her head on his shoulder, as the kodaks snapped, "must the sentence be carried out?"

And he replied, kissing her judicially, but still warmly, while the staff artists for the evening papers began their work:

"Certainly, darling. No matter what happens, the law against smoking cigarettes must be obeyed. We will pass our honeymoon together on the Island."

#### No More Merchant of Venice?

Gainesville, Fla.

#### EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—It has occurred to me that the enclosed clipping, from the Savannah Morning News, may be of interest to you in connection with your attitude on the Jewish question.

Permit me to say in this connection that I heartily approve of the stand you have taken in regard to the Jews. Not that I bear any ill-will against the Jews or any other aliens, but I am unalterably opposed to putting the management of American affairs into the hands of Jews, Negroes, Japanese, Italians or any one except real Americans. And it is this sort of thing, I take it, that you are fighting.

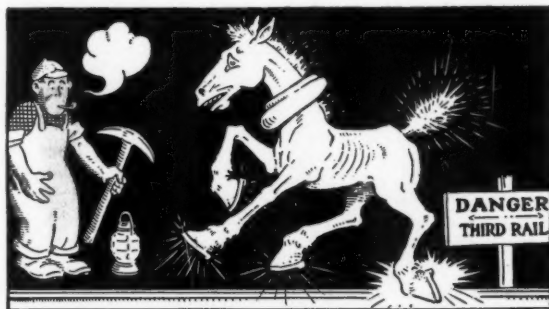
Your subscriber,

J. R. BENTON.

The clipping is as follows:

#### "SHYLOCK" ORDER STARTS ROW

EL PASO, TEX.—In consequence of the action of School Superintendent G. P. Putnam in eliminating "The Merchant of Venice" from the English course in the El Paso High School at the request of Rabbi Martin Zielonka, of the Jewish congregation, the ministers' union to-day filed a vigorous protest against what they term "sectarian interference with the schools."



A SPARKING PLUG



A MEMORIAL ERECTED IN BATTERSEA, ENGLAND, BY STEPHEN COLERIDGE. THIS MONUMENT AROUSED BITTER HOSTILITY AMONG VIVISECTORS, RESULTING IN A RIOT.

#### The Inscription.

In memory of the brown terrier dog done to death in the laboratories of University College. In February, 1903, after having endured vivisection extending over more than two months, and having been handed over from one vivisector to another, until death came to his release.

Also in memory of the 232 dogs vivisected in the same place during the year 1902. Men and women of England, how long shall these things be?

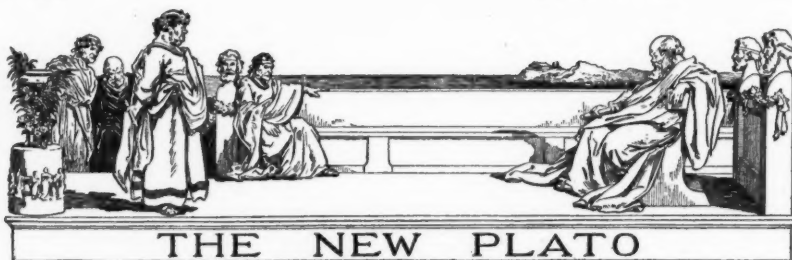
#### Rum

RUM is a variety of things, ranging roughly from the bitters of the unco bunked to the booze of the bacchanal.

If efforts to abolish rum have proved uniformly unavailing, it is perhaps because the time has not arrived when we can spare so effectual a scapegoat for carrying the sins of human weakness. Mankind fancies that if it weren't for rum it would be middling decent, and, conceivably, this illusion is worth all that intemperance costs them. Rum, at all events, relieves the race of responsibility, and for that is entitled to consideration, for responsibility is what differentiates us from the beasts and gives the beasts all the best of it in the pursuit of happiness.

Rum, wrongfulness and rebates have called forth so much distinguished virtue, both religious and civic, that it is difficult to say what we should ever have done without them.

Ramsey Benson.



## THE NEW PLATO

### The Gambler

**G**LAUCON came in while Thrasymachus was still silent, and sat beside Adeimantus.

He had been at the Exchange and his face was flushed. He wanted to know what the argument was about.

About the nature of Justice and Injustice, said Socrates. But unless I am mistaken, you have something better to tell us, for you have, I see, been a victor at some game. Now, I did not suspect you to be a discus-thrower nor yet a verse-maker, and you must tell us what it is that makes you so flushed. For, my dear Glaucon, you cannot be drunk so early in the day.

No, indeed, replied Glaucon, only I was thinking, as I came in and learned you were discussing the nature of Justice and Injustice, that surely there can be nothing more foolish than words of this sort when you might, as I have done, be making ten thousand drachmae on the rise in Copper.

And when did this occur? asked Socrates.

It has just occurred, replied Glaucon, smiling. And surely Justice and Injustice, the nature of which, I believe, can never be determined, are of small consequence beside this Great Fact.

I am sure, Glaucon, said Socrates, that we are all indeed ignorant, as you say; but as for the rest, by Zeus! I do not understand. And yet I should be glad to know how this may be.

That would have been easy if you had bought when I did.

And I would have benefited in like proportion with you?

Yes.

And if Thrasymachus here had bought, he would have benefited.

Yes.

And would Adeimantus?

Yes, Adeimantus likewise.

And if Thrasymachus and Adeimantus, there would be others?

Yes, others.

And if they, then also their friends and acquaintances?

Certainly.

And if their friends, then the friends of their friends, for if one received a benefit, then all would?

That is precisely the truth, said Socrates, and do you not see that this would make more buying, so that the price would go still higher?

I cannot deny the truth of that, said Socrates, with a smile, and I would ask you, Glaucon, to admit that as the benefit is for one and slightly more for two, then it would only be complete when all had bought, so that when this was finally accomplished and every one had become a buyer of Copper, then we would be a nation of rich men.

Glaucon assented to this, with some reluctance.

And would you, Glaucon, be satisfied with Copper alone, or would you want something else?

Something else.

You would wish good wine and a seat in the theatre and maybe a chariot or so, and sandals and lambs' meat and pulse and other things with which to refresh your body?

Yes.

And so you would wish to exchange some of the Copper you had bought for these things and more?

So it would seem.

And Thrasymachus here would feel the same?

Yes.

And also the others?

Yes, the others.

And each one of them would sell his Copper to get these things, for we cannot live by Copper alone?

That is so.

And would you be surprised, my dear Glaucon, when this had been done, if the price of Copper should fall to where it was when you bought it?

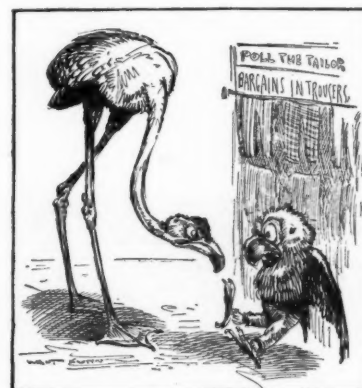
I should think that very likely.

And even lower?

Yes, lower. And I know now of what you are leading me to, Socrates, for you think to catch me in a trap by your honey words. For we cannot, as you say, eat Copper, and therefore we must exchange it for other things, and the price depends upon the law of supply and demand, and not upon a value attached to the thing itself. And this I understand better than any man living, for I know how to buy when it is down and when to sell when it is up. And if all men did exactly the same there would, of course, be no actual benefit, but only those who are wise, and who use their judgments accordingly, reap the benefits. For the fear of other men, and likewise their confidence, is what I must estimate; and if I do this rightly, I will surely benefit. And what is the use of talking to you, with your hair-splitting distinctions, when the Great Fact remains that I have made the profit, that I have achieved happiness?

By Hercules! said Socrates, that is a long speech for you to make, my dear boy, and I seem to be all in confusion and groping about in the dark. And I hardly know how to answer you, although I dare say you are right, and there is no use in talking any more. Still, there is a little matter I should like to have set at rest, and of which I have no doubt you will be able to satisfy me. Let me ask you, therefore, whether this is the only time you have won, or whether you have won and also lost before; for I believe it to be true that you have spent much time on the Exchange.

I have both won and lost before, said Glaucon.



"I WANT A PAIR OF PANTS TO FIT ME, AND I WANT 'EM QUICK—SEE?"





A MAN AFTER HER OWN HEART

And have you won more, in the total amount of your winnings, than you have lost?

I should say that I had, counting this time, and as I have just said, you cannot get around that.

I am not trying to get around that, my dear friend, but only to clear away the clouds of ignorance from my stupid brain. And I should like to ask you if ever you have won as much at one time as you have won now, or is this your greatest winning?

Not my greatest, for once or twice I won more than this.

And were you as happy then about it as now?

I should say I was as happy.

More or less?

More, Socrates, when I won more, and less when I won less.

I like that about you, Glaucon, because your answer is so clear. And it appears that at the time you won more than you have now you were happier than you are now in proportion to your winning then over now.

So it appears.

And you are less happy now than you were when you won more than you

have now, in proportion to the difference.

That is right.

And you would be still happier if you won more?

Yes.

And less happy if you had won less?

Yes, less happy.

Then, Glaucon, you are not as happy as you might be.

Glaucon gave a reluctant assent to this.

But I am still happier than you, he added.

I have no doubt of this, replied Socrates, for indeed I am the most miserable of men, and all because I have not your divine judgment in buying and selling on the Exchange, which appears to me marvelous.

At this moment a slave entered and handed Glaucon a message, and his hands trembled as he unfolded the papyrus.

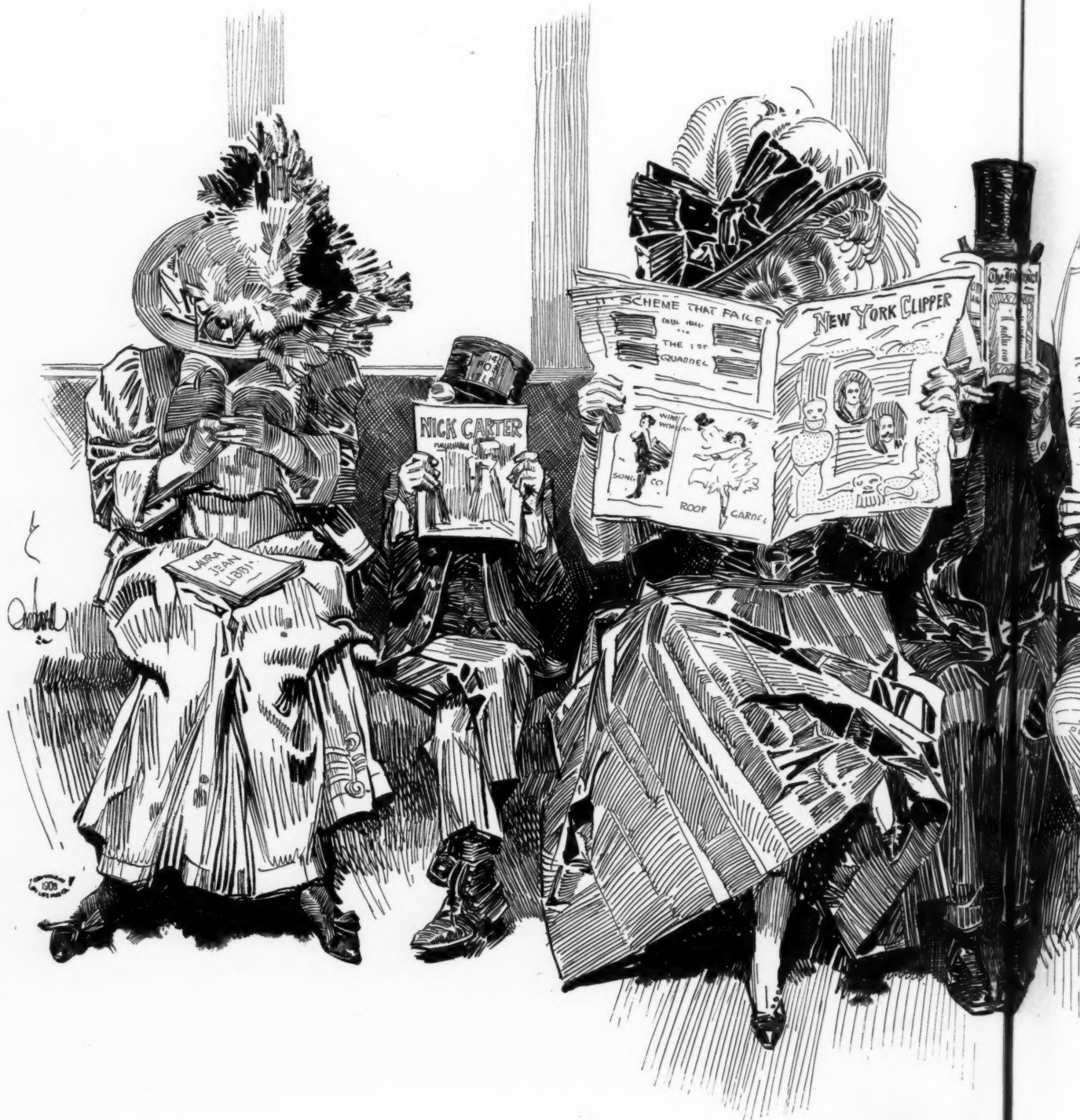
By Poseidon! he exclaimed, they are calling on me for margin, for it seems while I have been idling my time here there has been a great fall in prices amounting almost to a panic and Copper fell ten points in almost no time. Oh, why did I linger here!

Adeimantus and Thrasymachus tried to console him, but Socrates did not join them. Indeed, this strange man is a puzzle to all.

O Glaucon, he said, can it be that we were both wrong? For first it appeared that your happiness was dependent upon others, according as they bought and sold. Then it appeared dependent on the prices themselves, then upon your judgment. But now, my stricken friend, it is plain that I alone am responsible; for had you not stopped to listen to me, all would have been well.

Yes, retorted Glaucon, you are the one, and I might have known it, for I had in mind to sell out when I had good profit, but thought I would wait a little until the price grew higher, when I would make still more, and you, by your silly clatter, kept me from watching the market, as I should have done.

And that is where you were wrong, indeed, replied Socrates; for to depend upon me in any way, my dear Glaucon, is to adopt a foolish expedient, and one which I cannot even recommend, for am I not myself always going to others for counsel?

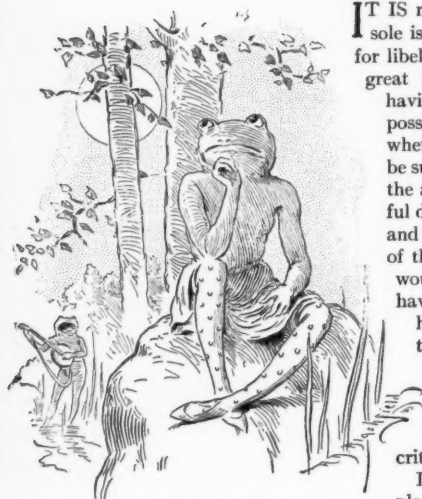








### The Awakening



IT IS reported that Miss Olga Nethersole is suing a critic in a Western city for libel, with the damages named as a great many thousand dollars. Not having seen the alleged libel, it is impossible to express an opinion as to whether Miss Nethersole is likely to be successful in her suit. If, however, the article was anything like a faithful description of "The Awakening" and Miss Nethersole's performance of the heroine, *Therese de Megee*, it would seem that the critic might have one very practical defence. If he could induce judge and jury to see Miss Nethersole in the play, we would be willing to wager the traditional red apple that her case would be thrown out of court, no matter what the critic wrote.

In the first place, it is a slimy play. There is no need of going into particulars, but the author, M. Paul Hervieu, has simply revelled in the one theme which is dearest to the French dramatist's heart. Incidentally, there are domestic scenes and a revolutionary plot introducing a king in exile and his son, the pretender to the Sylvanian throne. The presence of these two persons in Paris is responsible for the love interest and whatever there is of novelty in the story. They were portrayed by Mr. Charles A. Stevenson, who made *Gregoire* a very energetic and business-like king, considering the age of his son, and Mr. Frank Mills, who made *Prince Jean* a clearly drawn character with considerable distinction of manner and clearness of diction, but whose love-making was not of the torrid kind likely to produce such consequences as are depicted in the play. Miss Katharine Stewart, as *Comtesse de Megee*, was an admirable mixture of *grande dame* and loving mother.

\* \* \*

IT IS some years since *LIFE* has had occasion to comment on Miss Nethersole's acting. When she first came to America, somewhere back in the nineties, this journal was among the first to recognize in her a talent which verged on genius, and was pronounced in praise of her work. But on subsequent visits she became the victim of mannerisms and affectations which completely obscured her natural abilities. Having gained an authoritative position, she chose to use her power to make herself something unusual and freakish and unreal, instead of increasing and developing her ability to interpret naturally and truly.

In going to see her in "The Awakening," after a considerable lapse of time, it was with the hope that the years might have brought wisdom and that she had returned to her earlier manner. Not only has she not done this, but she seems to have lost whatever force she once possessed, and her performance might almost

be described by the adjective shiftless. It was a shock to the ear to hear an English-speaking actress, who has for so many years been a star, pronounce husband "husbund," conscience "conshunse," and conquered "conkurred." Her lines were delivered without fire or magnetism. She seemed even apathetic, and it was a constant source of wonderment what her lover and husband could have found in this almost grotesque personality to inspire or hold their love.

It is even more to be wondered—if it is a fact—that any section of the American public can continue to regard Miss Nethersole as, in any respect, an important artist.

\* \* \*



THE story, "Which Did He Say?" by Mr. Theodore J. Grayson, which appeared in *LIFE* of February 6, was characterized in an introductory paragraph as "a distinctive bit of fiction." As though proving that truth is not only stranger but quite as realistic as fiction, comes this human document, which shows an actual experience practically the same as that of Mr. Grayson's hero.

TO THE DRAMATIC EDITOR OF *LIFE*:

Dear Sir—I don't expect you to print this letter, but as Montreal and yourself are upholding opinions which I strongly agree in, I do want to write it. I have never put one word into print since the unhappy hour in which the glory of an accomplished farce was thrust upon my rebellious author-ness.

I want to say this for myself and for New York:

I am supposed to be an idiot by all the theatrical world with whom I have come in contact. I have ideals, and ideals don't play much part on the stage at present. I also have principles, which have almost no part anywhere—unless well disguised. I wrote a book called "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," and it was dramatized. I did a lot of work on the dialogue and later I was called upon to fit the play for a star. To fit a play for a star means taking every clever and original speech out of the mouths where it belongs and handing it over to the star. The things that men, women or servants say, the star must say instead. It isn't just words either; the star must have all, she must have the maid's apron, the man's cigarette, she must center the audience's attention even during



FINE FEATHERS MAKE COLD BIRDS



THE LOOTED AND THE LOOTER



scenes between others. The physical labor and mental agony of accomplishing this put me to bed, ill for the summer. Now, I must tell you that through all this I was told that "I didn't know New York," that "That will take in New York," et cetera. I thought that I didn't like New York much anyhow, but that if the city liked the sort of speeches which were being put to my credit in my play, I certainly would never set foot in it again. One can always have appointments in New Jersey and sail for Europe from Hoboken, you know.

The play opened in New York. I have been through a great many ordeals, so I stood that, too. Not being at all of a theatrical temperament, I slept till ten the next morning, and read my mail before I did the papers. I can't tell you the effect that the papers had on me. When I read scathing criticisms of everything I had so protested against, I felt singularly comforted. I took heart. It seemed to me that New York had a great deal of good in it after all. When the support, who had been shorn of all individuality, were characterized as colorless, I recognized that I had companions in a knowledge of the artistic value of individuals. When the construction, which had been altogether altered, was condemned, I perceived that I had had a perception of construction, too. When the star's part was called a monologue and nothing else, I was much more amused than I had been in many months.

Of course, being stoned for sins not yours is never fun, but when you have feared to see the sins laurel-wreathed, the mistake as to where the stones hit doesn't hurt so much. Writing a play and having it turned into a farce has been a spiritual lesson to me

which has turned me back into my own book world forever. The *Century* offices are far more congenial to me than the Madison Square Theatre. No money on earth would buy my name for another billboard or my talent to buoy up the ideas of others.

Now, I've said my say, and said it frankly, and you see how much your city has raised herself in my opinion by appreciating and by being unappreciative. It was suggested that for advertising purposes I sue a few papers for libel, but as I never wrote the lines they criticized, and felt more bitterly about them than the critics appeared to, I felt that a libel suit would lack sincerity.

Yours very truly,

ANNE WARNER.

ST. PAUL, MINN., February 7.

But what did Miss Warner expect? Our ready-made or made-while-you-wait stars are so often not entitled to that distinction by experience or ability that it is an established and necessary process to bolster them up by every possible means, fair or foul, artistic or inartistic. So long as our theatrical rulers are drawn from the Tenderloin stratum of society, we must expect that Tenderloin methods and standards will prevail, not only in the business end of the theatre, but also on what ought to be the artistic side of the curtain. The commercial manager needs stars to exploit. He doesn't care how they are created. Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—"The Great Divide," with company headed by Edith Wynne Matthison and

Mr. Henry Miller. Interesting and well-written American problem play.

*Astor*—Last week of "Irene Wycherley." Dramatic but high-flavored story well told.

*Belasco*—"The Warrens of Virginia." Charming produced and well-acted little play of war times in the South.

*Bijou*—Mr. Henry Ludlowe in Shakespearean repertory. Notice later.

*Casino*—"The Top o' th' World." Diverting extravaganza with pretty girls and lively music.

*Criterion*—"Miss Hook of Holland." English musical comedy. Well written, well sung and generally agreeable.

*Daly's*—Olga Nethersole in repertory. See opposite.

*Empire*—Last week but one of Maude Adams in "The Jesters." Light French comedy in verse. Not remarkable, but well presented.

*Garden*—Mrs. Patrick Campbell in repertory. Notice later.

*Hackett*—Mr. John Mason and good company in "The Witching Hour." Mental science exemplified in an absorbing play.

*Herald Square*—"The Girl Behind the Counter." Musical farce. Clever and funny.

*Hippodrome*—"The Battle of Port Arthur" and ballet, "The Four Seasons." Impressive and amusing.

*Lincoln Square*—"The World Against Her."

*Lyric*—Mr. E. A. Sothern in "Lord Dundreary." A convincing exposition of the immortality of pure fun.

*Madison Square*—Katherine Grey in "The Worth of a Woman," by Mr. David Graham Phillips. Notice later.

*Majestic*—Williams and Walker in "Bandanna Land." Our colored fellow-citizens in song, dance and plenty of fun.

*Manhattan Opera House*—Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein.

*Sunyvesant*—Mr. David Warfield in his exquisite performance of "The Music Master." Saturday evening, "A Grand Army Man."

*Weber's Music Hall*—Burlesque of "The Merry Widow," with Messrs. Weber, Dailey and Ross, and Lulu Glaser, Mabel Fenton and Bessie Clayton. Musical and funny.

*West End*—Dramatic attractions with weekly change of bill.

## The LATEST BOOKS

WHEN *The Aristocrats*, written by Gertrude Atherton and published anonymously in 1901, received the almost unanimous praise of the critical press, the fact was looked upon as something of a joke—on the critics. But as the years pass, and Mrs. Atherton has added to the catalogue of her achievement first *The Conqueror*, then *Rulers of Kings*, and now *Ancestors*, and one sees that the most human thing she ever wrote was written in a successful effort to pass unrecognized, one wonders on whom, after all, the joke really was. *Ancestors*, looked back upon from the seven hundred and ninth page, where it stops quite incidentally, appears to embrace the first half of a grandiloquent and pseudo-heroic plot, the story of a probable prime minister of England who thought he would sooner be the president of the United States. Considered in detail, the book abounds in scintillating descriptions, effective scenes and keen comments upon life and living. Considered synthetically, it is a jaunt around Robin Hood's barn.

Under the rather blandly assumptive title of *American Birds*, William Lovell Finley publishes a series of interesting notes, photographic and verbal, gathered during some years of bird observation and study in the West. Mr. Finley's assumption of omniscience is limited to his title. His ambition seems to run neither to fiction nor faking. His pictures illustrate his text and his text explains his pictures. The volume scores by its limitations.

*Admiral's Light* is a romance of childhood and adolescence on the New Brunswick coast, by Henry M. Rideout. Mr. Rideout has already published some impressionistic stories of this region in *Beached Keels*, and has made an entertaining side trip into fictional extravaganzas in *The Siamese Cat*. In *Admiral's Light* he reverts to his more serious vein and has done a bit of work that is both interesting in itself and suggestive of a growing individuality.

Our genial friend, F. Hopkinson Smith, has been prompted to the writing of *The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman* by a didactic impulse born of righteous indignation. Both the impulse and the indignation do him credit. But the fiction, in spite of the tenderness of his idealism and the glow with which his memories invest his imagination, smacks disturbingly of the Sunday School library.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim's latest story, *The Great Secret*, is one of his swift and compelling tales of intrigue and adventure growing out of a pipe-dreamy

chimera of international treachery. The story is like a well spun top. It hums confidently through its erratic course with a tension that is felt, not seen, and a balance that one does not stop to question. Then it comes to a sudden and wobbling conclusion that by its very extravagance explains and discredits. However, if one wants the hum of the top one must put up with the wobble of its stopping.

Most of us Americans (aside from a general idea that all rich Brazilians live in Paris and that Ecuador is somewhere in Central America) know more about Portuguese Africa and the plateau of Tibet than we do about that, to us, *terra incognita*, the other half of our own hemisphere. Mr. Albert Hale's volume upon *The South Americans*, therefore, is calculated both to arouse and to satisfy a legitimate curiosity. It contains notes of travel, historical and geographical data, and altogether puts a good deal of information into easily absorbable form.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, of Dartmoor, has been from home. Just when, or how often, in the physical sense, does not matter. But in the literary sense the fact appears in a volume of stories called *The Folk Afield*. Mr. Phillpotts, as he tells us in his introduction, sees things in terms of fiction, and this volume contains extracts from his sketch book. Most of them hail from the shores of the Mediterranean and no one of them is without its touch of color or its suggestion of humble drama.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*Ancestors*, by Gertrude Atherton. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)  
*American Birds*, by William Lovell Finley. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)  
*Admiral's Light*, by Henry Milner Rideout. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman*, by F. Hopkinson Smith. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)  
*The Great Secret*, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)  
*The South Americans*, by Albert Hale. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)  
*The Folk Afield*, by Eden Phillpotts. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

### Matrimonial

Aristide Briand, the Minister of Justice and Worship in France, declares it is impossible for those about to enter upon the marriage relation to know the true character of their partners, and that it is unnatural and intolerable to expect an ill-mated pair to drag out a miserable existence because they blundered in entering upon the most vital relation in life.

THIS contradiction of the clergy seems to us an impertinence. It is frankly admitted by the clergy that the clergy are the best judges in these little matters of divorce, et cetera. And let us not forget the fortitude with which they endure the matrimonial agonies of others.

WHAT the Boston *Globe* says on a vital subject:  
**Life Is Twenty-five Years Old**

*Anniversary Number a Most Amusing and Instructive One*

With his chin up and his chest out LIFE comes forward with its twenty-fifth anniversary number, a most amusing—as LIFE always is—and instructive—as usual—collection of up-to-date wit and reproductions of the more strikingly noteworthy episodes in his career.



"OH! WHY DIDN'T I LIE ABOUT THAT OLD CHERRY-TREE!"





HUSBANDS  
NO. II—ENGLISH



# AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

## APPRAISING IT

"John, do you love me?"  
"Yes."  
"How much do you love me?"  
"Say fifty dollars' worth, Maria. Money is tight just now."  
—*Courier-Journal*.

"Not a cent," replied the rich man, coldly; "money is not good for the poor."  
"Well," responded the applicant, "just pretend that you have a grudge against me."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

WALL STREET is a necessity, says one writer. Yes, and necessity, the old proverb tells, knows no law.—*Chicago Journal*.

## TO THE INFLUENZA GERM

By the shivering fits which chill us,  
By the feverish heats which grill us,  
By the pains acute which fill us,  
By the aches which maul and mill us,  
By the quacks who draught and pill us,  
By the hydropaths who swell us,  
By the allopaths who bill us,  
By the nervous fears which kill us,  
Tell us, tell us, wee Bacillus,  
What, and why, and whence you are!

Say, are you a germ atomic?  
Have you uses economic?  
Are you truly miasmatic?  
Are you solid or lymphatic?  
Frankly, is your case zymotic?  
Are you native or exotic?  
When your business is transacted  
Is your stay to be protracted?  
And do you intend, Bacillus,  
To return again and kill us?  
Do make answer, if you please!

Tell us briefly, tiny mystery,  
What's your source and what's your history;  
Clear the clouds of obfuscation  
That surround your incubation!  
Furnish, without more obstruction,  
Your belated introduction?  
Let us know your why and wherefore,  
What it is you're in the air for.  
And meanwhile, O wee Bacillus,  
Since with morbid dread you fill us,  
Prithce, take your leave at once! —*London World*.

A MAN who loves his kind forgives his brother's slips. A man who loves his kind doesn't have occasion to. He puts ashes on his pavement.—*Baltimore American*.

THE friendly nature of the Pacific cruise is somewhat belied by the fact that there are twenty-six mechanical pianos with the fleet.—*New York Post*.



OUR FOREBEARS

MRS. DE FLAT: Can you show me anything new in folding beds?

DEALER: Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring and it turns into a washstand and bath tub. After your bath you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing-case with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room, a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast you press these three buttons at once and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do, except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin.—*The Independent*.

## AFTER THE INITIATION

The house is full of medicine  
And mystery profound;  
We cannot even run about  
Or make the slightest sound;  
They keep the big piano shut,  
We cannot strike a note;  
The doctor's been here twenty times  
Since father rode the goat.

He joined the lodge a week ago—  
Got in at 4 A.M.,  
And sixteen members brought him home,  
Though he says he brought them.  
His leg was sprained, and one big rip  
Had rent his Sunday coat—  
The members had a jolly time  
When father rode the goat.

He's resting on the couch to-day  
And practising the signs—  
The hailing, signal call, and grip  
And other monkey shines;  
He utters passwords 'neath his breath  
And other things he'll quote—  
The members had an evening's work  
When father rode the goat.

He has a brilliant uniform,  
All red and white and blue,  
A hat with plumes, and scarlet braid,  
And golden badges, too.  
But, somehow, when we mention it,  
His visage waxes grim—  
We wonder if he rode the goat  
Or if the goat rode him. —*New York Sun*.

A POLITICAL correspondent of a western Kansas paper was recently asked to report a wedding which was to occur in the town in which he happened to be that night. Here is the report the editor of the paper got: "Amid scenes of splendor and sounds of sweet concord (I suppose that's the way to start out) Victoria, the beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Merrill (may the Lord forgive me), was married to Mr. Edward Post. Promptly at 8 o'clock the bride, a vision in white (I'll never do a thing like this again as long as I live). Of course, the bride wore clothes, and there were roses and music and things to eat; but I don't know where to put them in. The bride's father is a prominent ranchman and the bridegroom is a decent young chap, which I suppose should go in somewhere. Please don't ask me to write up any more weddings."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"FATHER," asked Rollo, "what is a financier?"

"A financier, my son, differs from the ordinary business man in being able to make the Government sit up and worry when his affairs do not go right."—*Wasp*.

"WHY is Jones raising a beard?"

"Oh, I believe his wife made him a present of some ties."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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# Evans' Ale

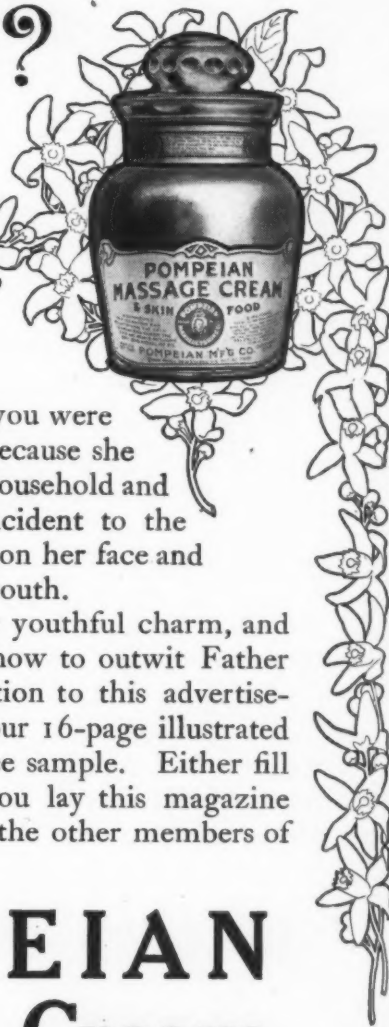
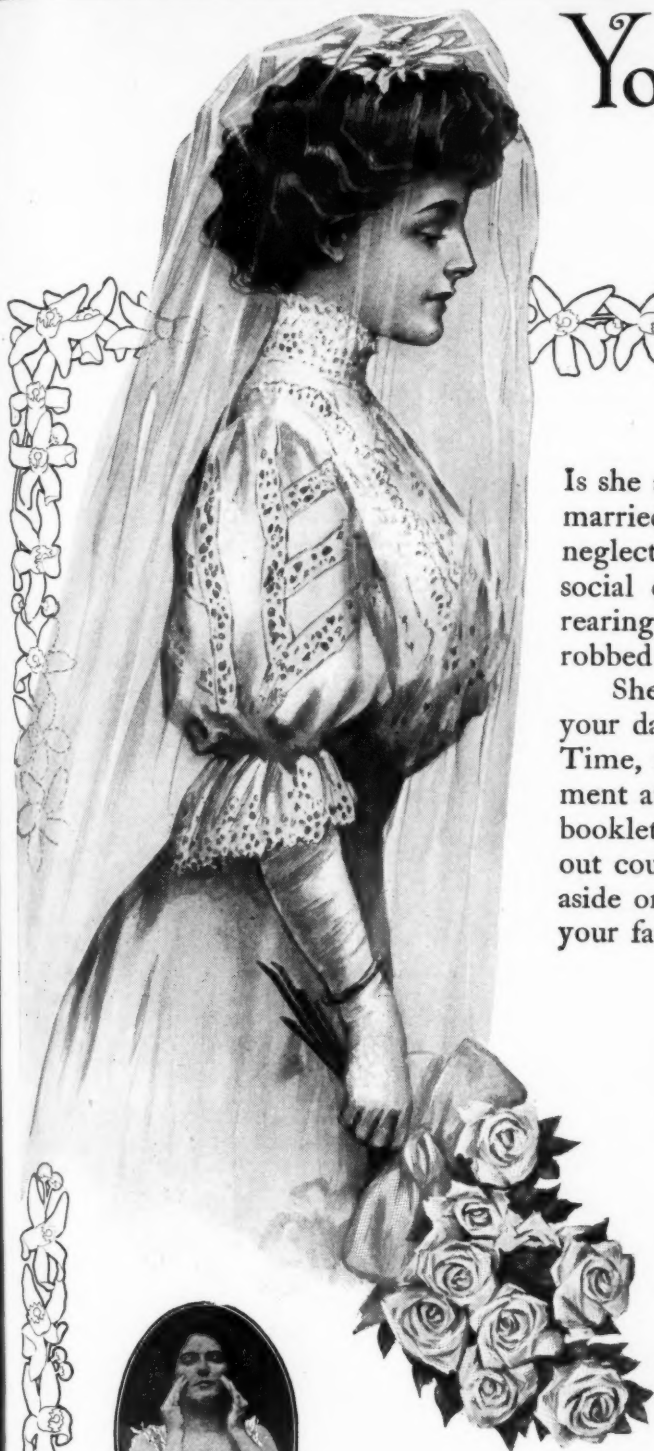
ALL Ale advertising advertises A Evans' Ale. As ale drinking grows upon the people Evans' Ale grows in demand. Simply cause and effect—the best is good enough.  
Hotels, Restaurants, Cafes and Dealers.

# White Rock

## "The World's Best Table Water"

Hit of the Hour, "Richard's Poor Almanack," beautifully bound, illustrated humorous book, sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., N. Y.

# Your Wife?



Is she as fair and fresh as the day you were married? If not, it is probably because she neglected to care for her skin. Household and social cares, and family duties incident to the rearing of children, have left lines on her face and robbed her of the bloom of her youth.

She can regain much of her youthful charm, and your daughters also can discover how to outwit Father Time, if you will call their attention to this advertisement and ask them to write for our 16-page illustrated booklet. We send it with our free sample. Either fill out coupon yourself *now* before you lay this magazine aside or call it to the attention of the other members of your family.

## POMPEIAN Massage Cream

It Gives a Clear, Fresh, Velvety Skin

Wrinkles and crow's-feet are driven away, sallowness vanishes, angles are rounded out and double-chins reduced by its use. Thus the clear, fresh complexion, the smooth skin and the curves of cheek and chin that go with youth, may be retained past middle age by the woman who has found what Pompeian Massage Cream will do.

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

### STILL HUNT IN GEORGIA

"Could you direct me to a moonshine distillery?" said the Major in the mountain region.

"Don't you know Georgia's gone dry?"

"I do. That's why I want a distillery."

"Kin I trust you?"

"Sure!"

"Well, then, go down yander to the old graveyard, an' wait in the dark o' the moon by the dead cypress an' the ol' slate tombstone what you can't read the name on, till you hear some-thin' like a scritchowl holler, an' I'll come to you!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Why do they have a banking business connected with that large department store?"

"They put the money out at interest while the customers wait for change."—*Reader*.

Can't get the score mixed with "Rad-Bridge" Score Pads.

### A MODERN DEVELOPMENT

"Your child undoubtedly has chicken-pox," says the attending physician.

"And why does she have continual chills with it? Is not that unusual?" asks the parent.

"Well—ah—no doubt it is a new manifestation of our changing conditions. I might diagnose the case as cold-storage chicken-box."—*Success*.

A STATE SENATOR of New York says he was riding in the smoking-car on a little one-track road in the northern part of the State two weeks ago, and in the seat in front of him sat a jewelry drummer. He was one of those wide-awake, never-let-any-one-get-the-better-of-him style of men. Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. A limited express, running at the rate of ten miles an hour, came along and bumped the rear end of the first train. The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched, head first, against the seat ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his ears. He picked himself up and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. Then he pulled off his hat, drew a long breath, and, straightening up, said: "Hullygee! Well, they didn't get by us, anyway!"—*Rochester Herald*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

### BETTER PROVENDER

At a dinner in Washington, not long since, there was told a Scotch story of a parishioner who had strayed from his own kirk.

"Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?" asked the preacher of the culprit on meeting him a day or two later.

"I was at Mr. McClellan's kirk," said the other.

"I don't like you running about to strange kirks like that," continued the minister. "Not that I object to your hearing Mr. McClellan, but I'm sure you widna like your sheep straying into strange pastures."

"I widna care a grain, sir, if it was better grass," responded the parishioner.—*Harper's Monthly*.

LITTLE WILLIE (who has been looking up statistics): Say, pa, why is it that soldiers only get thirteen a month and Congressmen get thirteen dollars a day?

PA: Soldiers, my son, do not fix their own salaries.—*Chicago-News*.

In a pinch use Allen's Foot Ease.

### WRECK ETIQUETTE

When the old lady appeared at the big door of the life-saving station, the New York *Tribune* says, she regarded the rough waters of the bay with frightened eyes.

"Isn't something being done for that ship in distress?" she anxiously demanded, pointing seaward.

"Oh, that's all right, ma'am," replied a man in oilskins.

"We've sent 'em a line to come ashore."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed the lady. "Were they waiting for a formal invitation?"

THE public will have courage to invest in stocks just before the next panic.—*Washington Star*.

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## The Literary Zoo

### Leap Year

(Suggested by the picture in LIFE's Anniversary Number: "It's a Boy!")

"IT'S a boy!" Why, not a bit! Where has vanished all your wit? I can prove by reasons strong, That your premises are wrong. Nonsense! Leap Year is a girl!— Just a girl!

Doesn't every one agree,  
On that year all girls are free  
To propose, if any dare?  
Some don't wait for that—but there!  
Leap Year certainly's a girl!—  
Charming girl!

Why begrudge her meager store?  
'Tis but one year out of four!  
You'll admit the argument?  
Henceforth kindly represent  
Leap Year as a bouncing girl!—  
Baby girl!

Join me then in royal toast  
To the girl we all love most!  
Queen of intermittent reign—  
Drink her health in rare champagne!  
Here's to Leap Year! Lovely girl!  
Such a girl!

Mrs. E. K. Arnold.

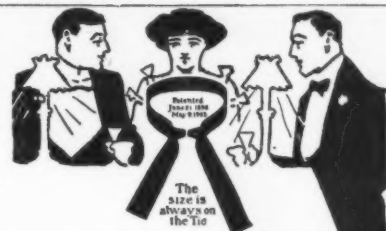
### Washington as a Writer

THE Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur has been telling his class in "current events" that George Washington never wrote the classic Farewell Address. "Washington was a man of no literary ability," says Dr. MacArthur. "There is no sort of doubt that Alexander Hamilton was the author of that document."

We seem to remember hearing something of this sort before, and of others besides Washington. One William Shakespeare wrote a villainous hand; it has been questioned whether he really knew how to write his own name. To some minds, his meager education, when considered in the light of the wide knowledge revealed in the Plays, leaves "no sort of doubt" that these were composed by his literary "understudy," Francis Bacon, who knew right well how to cipher. As for the Sonnets, evidence is daily accumulating to show that they were really written by Richard Watson Gilder.

\* \* \*

THE late Robert G. Ingersoll once remarked that the character of Washington had so suffered in the hands of amiable, biographers that it had come to resemble a steel engraving. But in recent years a process of restoration has been going on. The Letters, so woefully mutilated



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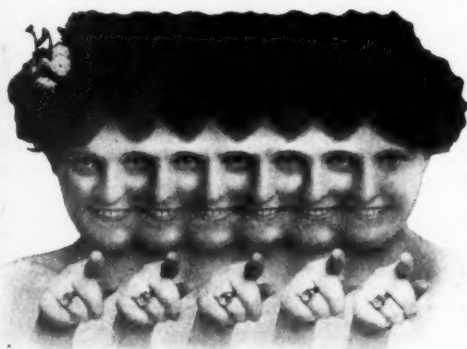
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assembled in their original form, and the  
fourteen volumes collected by Worthington  
Chauncey Ford disclose George Washing-  
ton as he really was. There they are, in  
black and white—together with the Fare-  
well Address, as amended by its author,  
and the draft of it by Hamilton; and to  
say that the man who wrote them had no  
literary skill is, to say the least, a rather  
hazardous criticism.

\* \* \*

MR. OWEN WISTER, himself a writer  
of some reputation, has recently per-  
formed the service of sketching a full-  
length portrait of Washington, for which  
these very writings are his material. "His  
own idea and work," says Mr. Wister, in  
a casual reference to the Farewell Ad-  
dress, "though it benefited by the criticism  
of Hamilton." The author of this "Seven  
Ages of Washington" finds in the Letters  
abundant evidence of the first President's  
command of written English. He notes  
that such gifted men as Jefferson and  
Hamilton, when they shook their heads  
solemnly over the writings of their chief,  
"fell dupe to a very human instinct—they  
wanted to find something which they could  
do better than he could, and they picked  
out his English style." From his papers,  
public and private, it is seen that they were  
quite mistaken. They "could spell words  
better than Washington, use words better  
they could not. No better prose than his  
was written, when he took time to it." A  
letter to Gates and one to Bryan Fairfax,  
at the time of the infamous Conway Cabal,  
are easily available specimens of Wash-  
ington's employment of language that  
reaches "the highest level of expression  
and dignity."

The discerning reader of these and other  
letters will go no further to find proof of  
the same literary proficiency that is ap-  
parent in the "Farewell Address"; John  
Jay's testimony to its authorship—recently  
cited by a contributor to the *Baltimore  
News*—seems scarcely necessary.

After all, to have something to say, and  
to feel the necessity of saying it, is the first  
prerequisite of eloquent speech. When the  
important thing to be said is charged with  
the ardor of a great soul, the right words  
are seldom wanting.

\* \* \*

IT IS well to set aright these miscon-  
ceptions concerning public men. Some  
day a scoffer will arise to declare that  
President Roosevelt did not write his  
Messages—a manifest libel on his powers  
of industry and endurance which we who  
live to-day may well take the precaution  
to anticipate.

THE Sunday comic supplements will be  
allowed to continue. The law is against  
amusements.—*New York Evening Mail*.

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